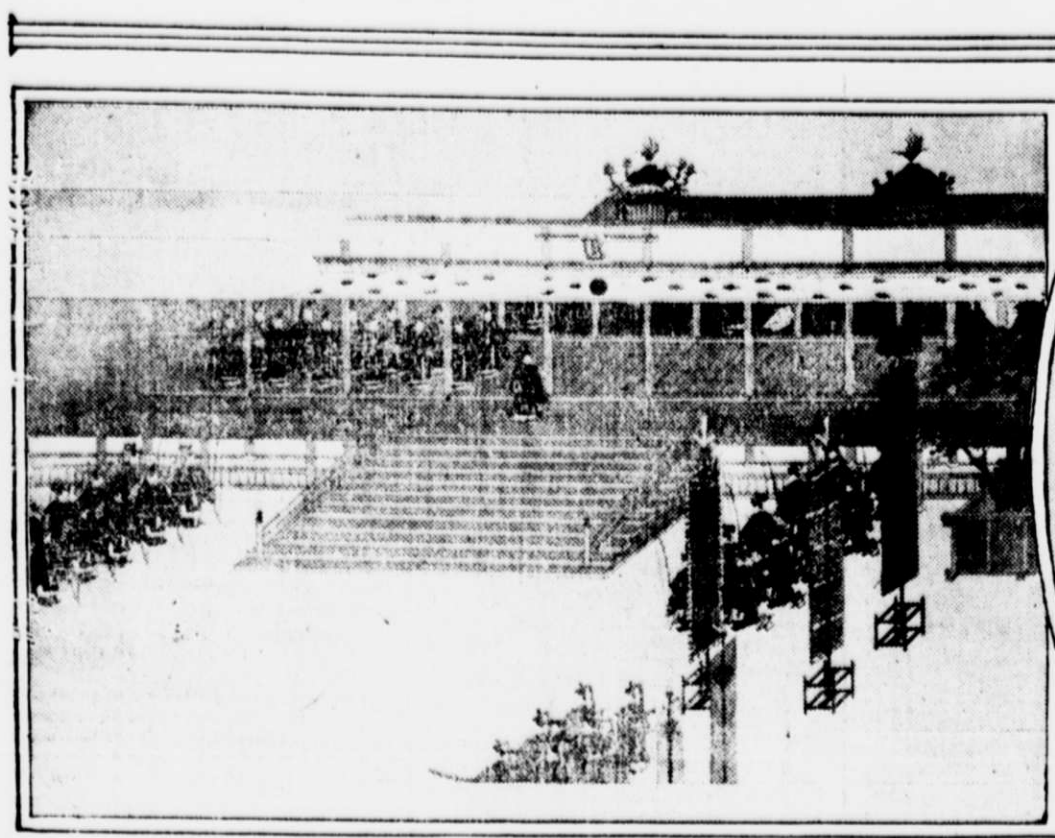


AGES OLD RITES TO MARK CORONATION OF JAPAN'S EMPEROR



Coronation ceremony in palace of Shishinden, Kyoto, showing thrones, the Emperor's on left, the Empress's on right.



The ancient Japanese costumes to be worn by the Empress and Emperor on the occasion of the coronation.

Whole Nation Now Looking Forward to Consecration of Yoshihito, 122d Ruler of His House—Ceremony Takes Place at Kyoto on November 10

It would be a foolhardy prophet who ventured to predict the biggest event which the fall of 1915 will bring forth, but it is a prediction which might be made in Japan without risk. The second week of November will witness the coronation of Yoshihito, 122d human Emperor of Japan. Already the activities and interests of the whole nation, at home in the sacred islands just across the surrounding seas in the dependencies of Korea and Formosa, southward in Hawaii, where nearly a thousand Japanese are subservient to present a bronze fountain to the city of Honolulu, and among the thrifty and prosperous Japanese communities settled on the Pacific slope, are turning to the ancient capital of Kyoto, where the Emperor as the supreme representative of the Japanese race will render homage to the ancestors of the nation and to all the gods of heaven and earth on behalf of his people.

It will certainly be the greatest event of the year, possibly of a generation, in Japan. Every city and hamlet in the land has its coronation committee now at work planning observances which shall demonstrate the loyalty and affection of the people toward their Emperor in the greatest moment of his reign. Tourists are booking in numbers from America and the shipping companies, struggling with the commercial misfortune known as shortage of bottoms, are at their wits' end how to provide accommodation sufficient to enable them to gather in the golden glow which is waiting.

The forthright Japanese police have taken a census of the houses in Kyoto which may be utilized to provide lodgings for visitors, and tourists may rest assured that the official visitors will be sheltered even if they have to sleep in the station waiting rooms. The coronation is a religious and the August heat and is weeded and tended daily by men who purify themselves under the directions of a Shinto priest. The act of purification consists, it may be added, in taking a bath in the neighboring stream. It is a most sacred and solemn rite, the dog days well worthy of the blessing of the Church.

The brand new white wood pavilions which in the strictest simplicity of Shinto rites must be used for all ceremonies are being erected in the compound of the palace at Kyoto. The Imperial Board of Cookery is laying out an enormous kitchen and trying the latest devices in kitchen science so that no hitch may mar the state banquets. Japanese and foreign, which will be given. Selected daughters of selected peers are learning the sacred dance which will be danced before the Emperor and a select company. Poets, official and unofficial, are composing odes.

The school children are being taught the song to which the Board of Education awarded the prize out of 1,500 sent in a nationwide competition. The most skillful seamstresses are stitching the garments of the finest native silk which the Emperor and his attendants will wear. Famous artists are painting screens with the everlasting pine trees and snow hills, which to the Japanese eye are the last word in stately decoration. Political squabbles have been suspended; a truce of God has been proclaimed in the world of intrigue which revolves dimly behind the public facade of Japanese constitutional government. The whole nation is turning its eyes and thoughts toward the chrysanthemum month in which the chrysanthemum emperor will be crowned.

The paradox is that he will not be crowned. The crown is a Western symbol, just as the anointing oil is an inheritance from Hebrew ritual. The Japanese coronation is so called because there is no other word in European languages to convey the ceremonies which mark the formal accession of a new monarch. When I talked on the matter with the president of the coronation committee, he was insistent that the word should recall the difference between the Japanese coronation and a Western coronation. He pointed out that the Japanese solemnity is national, whereas the Western is religious. The crown is placed upon the head of the ruler in England by the head of the Church; in some other countries the head of the Church hands it to the sovereign, as when Napoleon abruptly took the diadem of France out of the Pope's hand. The symbolism is the same. It is an acknowledgment that power is bestowed by heaven and the emblem of power is accepted from heaven's representative.

The Emperor of Japan requires no intermediary between heaven and earth. He is hedged about by a

divinity to which no other monarch makes claim. In theory he is divine. That is a delicate point and is never discussed in Japan. At all events he is divinely descended, for Jimmu Tenno, the first human Emperor, whose countenance still adorns the Bank of Japan bills, was the grandson of one of the five gods of Japanese mythology. In Shinto the Emperor is the supreme representative of the Japanese people in this world to live in the Japanese people in the next world. He is the head and focus of the national religion and the coronation is a religious act.

The foundation of Japanese government is ancestor worship. The coronation is the supreme expression of this worship. Here the Western reader gets into deep waters, psychologically, but I think the thing can be made plain. Filial piety having been inculcated into the Japanese people for centuries has become the strongest moral impulse in their nature. It has the advantage of being one of the most intelligible moral and religious codes in the world. In life the father is loved and obeyed; after death he is loved and revered across the dark gulf. In devout households the family every morning clasps their hands and recites a prayer of reverence before the family shrine where the name tablets of dead relatives are kept.

Substantially this is but the continuance after death of the respect paid to parents in life. But in a more formal and ceremonial manner the Japanese also pays homage at certain times to the long line of ancestors from whom he springs. Above the family ancestors he remembers the ancestors of his clan. Above the clan come the ancestors of the Emperor, who are the ancestors of the Japanese nation. The head of the family worships the ancestors of the nation on behalf of the nation. The coronation is this act of ancestor worship performed at a significant season with circumstances of peculiar solemnity.

The ceremony which will take place at Kyoto consists of two religious observances of great importance, one semi-public appearance of the Emperor before his subjects and the representatives of foreign Powers, two great banquets and other elaborate entertainments, and the whole is concluded with a pilgrimage to the shrines where the remains of Jimmu Tenno, the first human Emperor, and those of the four Emperors immediately preceding the present are interred.

The religious ceremonies consist, first in the Emperor paying homage to the spirits of his ancestors and informing them that he has succeeded to the throne which they in their day adorned, and second, in offering the spirits the first fruits of the year's rice and wine made from rice.

Some understanding of the spirit of the thing can be obtained by following the career of the occupant of the Japanese throne from the moment it is vacant until the coronation. When the Emperor dies the Crown Prince—the son who has been chosen to succeed to the throne—becomes head of the house and as a matter of inheritance immediately acquires the emblems of royalty, which in Japan are a sacred mirror, a sword and a seal which were bequeathed by the first imperial ancestor, a goddess, to her descendants on the imperial throne. The actual traditional treasures are now behind bolts and bars in the national shrine at the first Emperor's grave, but a reproduction made some centuries ago is kept in the shrine at the Imperial palace in Tokyo, where the Emperor performs his daily devotion.

The new Emperor next sends messengers to the national shrine and to the tombs of his immediate ancestors to inform them of his accession. When the date of the coronation is decided he sends messengers to inform the spirits. Finally when the great day arrives he proceeds in person to the ancient palace of his family to pay homage in person, announce his accession and offer sacrifices.

New and old are strangely blended in Japan and the messengers who are sent on these errands to the world of royal spirits travel, of course, by train. To convey the imperial treasures to Kyoto a special coach has been made by the Imperial Government railway workshops. This will form part of the special train by which the one hundred and twenty-second descendant of Jimmu Tenno will journey to the place where he will commune with the spirits.

About November 8 (the exact date has not been published yet) the Emperor will leave Tokyo Palace, driving in full state in a coach and six to the station to entrain for Kyoto, where he arrives on the following day. There is another drive in state to Kyoto Palace, and the remainder of the proceedings is conducted within the vast enclosure of the palace. The ceremony takes place be-



Two of the coronation dances, the Banzai dance, or dance for long life, and the Jaihei, or dance for peace.

Above—The Emperor and Empress, taken fifteen years ago at the time of their marriage.

fore the Kashiki-Dokoro, or national shrine, containing the mirror, the sword and the jewel.

It is a perfectly simple ceremony, not differing from the act of worship which every Japanese performs each morning at the family god shelf when, with bowed head and clasped hands, he mutters a few words to the spirits of his father and all those fathers who have gone before him. The Emperor also announces to the imperial ancestors his accession. Just as the humblest subject announces to his ancestors any events of family importance of which they ought to be informed. This also is perfectly simple. The Japanese papers with unconscious comicality but without a trace of irreverence state that his Majesty will "read an address" to the spirits. This ceremony will take place in strict privacy. The foreign envoys and Japanese high officials will be in the large pavilion, but the shrine will be curtained off, and behind this curtain the Emperor and a few straw sandals Shinto priests will move about in their matter of fact communion with the dead.

The next part of the solemnity is public, and takes place in a very large pavilion, also new, where the Emperor will meet the envoys of foreign States and the high nobles and officials of Japan. The throne is set within an octagonal pavilion of red and black lacquer, with a gilded cock strutting at the point of every angle on the roof. A smaller throne was to be placed by his side for the Empress, but it appears that her Majesty's health will not be sufficient for travel at the time. The Ambassadors will be seated across one end of the hall, the Japanese nobility across the other. Princes of the blood and great officers of state will group themselves around the throne, and Count Okuma, or whoever may be the Prime Minister at that time, will stand at a designated spot, near the throne but not too near, and as the representative of the people of Japan will call for three "Banzais" for the Emperor.

The aged Count, it may be recalled, has an artificial limb, his own having been shattered by a fanatic's bomb during the agitation for treaty revision more than a score of years ago, and the circumstances has seen some of his political foes off a new ascent. No impure or deformed person or

Ancestor Worship the Basis of the Religious Forms, During Which His Majesty Will Read an Address to Spirits of Long Line of Royal Dead

thing, they say, can enter the sacred walls; a man with a wooden leg is certainly deformed, and therefore is not fitted to be Premier of Japan on such an auspicious occasion. Sensible people being in the majority in Japan, the argument is not without force.

The veteran statesman was perturbed by his wooden leg in a different fashion. He feared he would not be able to ascend the steep old style steps of the hall, and when he was in Kyoto recently he made an experiment which fortunately was successful. This ceremony, which corresponds to the Western rendering and receiving of homage, is the great public incident of the whole coronation. It is followed in the evening of the same day by the principal religious rite of all.

In two small shrines, called respectively the Yuki-den and the Sukiden, the Emperor offers to the spirits of his ancestors sacrifices of rice and black and white wine. I call them sacrifices because they are offerings to the spirits laid on an altar, but the word sacrifice implies too much. There is no idea of propitiation attached to the offerings. They are made in the spirit of filial piety as to the generations of parents that have come into the spirit world. The ceremony, which is called the Daijō-sai, begins in the evening and is prolonged until the next morning. The Emperor first undergoes a solemn purification ceremony. In the old times this meant a bath; in the present it means some symbolic ritual performed by the priests.

The Daijō-sai, or sacrificial rite, is the highest ceremony in the Shinto creed, and the fact will be noted as linking that faith to all other religions. But as Shinto is not a religion in any sense which satisfies the Western intelligence, so Daijō-sai is but a shadow of the awesome sacrifice of the bread and wine which is offered at a Christian coronation. There is nothing awesome or grim about those rites which will be celebrated at Kyoto in the autumn. The predominant spirit is that of a family ceremony, the State being the family and the head of the State the father paying homage to the fathers of all.

By far the most picturesque of all

the rites and observances connected with the coronation was the planting of the sacred rice which is to be used for the offerings. Two districts have the privilege of furnishing the fields on which the rice will be grown. Most minute regulations prescribe every detail of the operation. The fields are chosen by divination, and on the day appointed the rice sprouts are planted by virgins—for no unclean thing must touch the grain.

The young ladies wear long kimonos with sleeves looped up with red cord. High priests in antique robes say blessings over the fields and dignitaries of city and empire solemnly add their presence in the tall hat and "Prince Albert" of civilization. The fences are formed of those trees which have an odor of sanctity in Japan; the weeds and bird scarers are under discipline by Shinto priests, and dare not enter the fields until they have bathed themselves.

The rice will be gathered by hand. The ears will be plucked just as they were plucked when the first man in his hunger paused by a wild rice plant. Great ceremonies attend the plucking. Imperial messengers are present wearing swords, red lacquered sandals and flowing kimonos. At the river bank a ceremonial cleansing is performed, and the company proceeds to the field in procession. The ears as they are plucked are laid aside alternately to be made into rice, into white wine and into black wine. The separate quantities are placed in baskets covered with branches of the sacred sakaki tree and carried into Kyoto in procession much as they must have been carried to Jimmu Tenno's coronation in 660 B. C.

The wine is made with water from a sacred well within a walled compound and the processes of manufacture are those which were in vogue in days gone by. The sacred wine of the coronation ceremony, in fact, is the same as the wine which was used in the coronation of the first Emperor. It is now unfashionable in Japanese society, though the riskless men get drunk on it occasionally. This is used at the Daijō-sai, and also at the banquet. Two banquets will be given—one in ancient Japanese style, at which the menu will contain the rice and fish washed down with sake, and the other in foreign style and lacking in no delicacy of the culinary art. About 2,500 invitations will be issued for each banquet.

Other entertainments include a garden party and a ball, so called, at which the guests look on in true Oriental style while five young ladies, daughters of peers, dance the "five-fold dance," an ancient posture dance of mythological origin. According to the legend, the Emperor Temmu, who flourished eight hundred years before Christ, was the first to perform it, was playing the koto—a kind of lyre with five strings—when certain heavenly figures appeared among the clouds and danced to the imperial music. During the dance the muse turned over the sleeves of her kimono five times, which was counted as a feat of wondrous beauty and grace. The Emperor memorized the dance and taught it to the ladies of his court, and from that day to this it has figured as the ultimate luxury in dancing at all imperial ceremonies.

The ladies who will dance it vary in age from 18 years to 23. All of them have been educated as highly as any young lady of the United States. The dance will probably be tiresome, but the contrast between the measured mythological postures and the ladies who perform is piquant. The entertainments finished, the Emperor and the high priests will journey to the national shrine and worship Jimmu, whose fine old head adorns the bank bills, proceeding thence to the graves of the four Emperors preceding the present. With these pious journeys the coronation closes, the court returns to Tokyo, and the twentieth century returns with it.

It is a far cry from 660 B. C. when the first Emperor worshipped his ancestors, to the present year of grace. One may discount the chronology and write a few centuries off the dates, but there still remains the astonishing continuity of a national life over which one family has presided for 122 generations. The cement of the Eastern State is the family, and ancestor worship, founded on filial affection, is the outward symbol of that organization. The coronation is more than an interesting ceremony. It is the external emblem of the most powerful social cement that has ever existed—and which seems capable of carrying Japan successfully through modernism as it carried her through three thousand years of feudalism.

ARMCHAIR STRATEGISTS ARE ALL BUSY IN FRANCE

They Know Why German Lines Have Not Been Pierced and Are Fountains of Inside Facts

THERE is a Frenchman who nearly lost his life in the Battle of the Marne—he did lose his automobile. Of late he has been saving France at Fontainebleau as they say, in ambush. He knows why the French have not "pierced" in the north.

"Not so foolish," he says. "When we make a drive it's to encourage the civilians. Our real policy is to let the Germans beat themselves. They're falling dead on three fronts to our one—and no real German comes back. Also, they're in a hurry, can't wait, for financial reasons. They'll come pounding on us in the north again in close formation—and get the surprise of their lives, as at Ypres and Ixannde. I have it from a personal friend of Joffre."

"Then this Frenchman talks about the new Creusot artillery. 'Heavy,' he says, 'very heavy. Improved from the enemy, a 410 and 390, I tell you only that! And not enough tractors to drag them north! My cousin's train of auto vans has been transformed to tractors, so I ought to know. Shells are being made in 225 French factories. At Bourges it's 19,000 per day. At Lyons, St. Chamond and St. Etienne they're finishing 75s and machine guns for every fifteen men on the front!'"

"There are 1,000,000 English in France who have not yet seen fire. I have it from Capt. Buck at Fontainebleau. And another 1,000,000 coming. Keep your eye on the Verdun corner when the dance commences."

"Those French slackers are waiting



Beautiful young nurse told it.

for Kitchener's new army and the British heavy guns," he says. "I don't blame them. Why send men to slaughter?—let the Germans do it. In England 350 factories are turning out munitions. When the dance starts, keep your eye on Metz."

Then he goes on to tell about the aeroplanes. "Two thousand French aeroplanes and two thousand British. Eight squadrons of five hundred. All under way, half of them built and five thousand pilots in practice. All new and extra. At Pau and at Toulouse the air is black with them, like flocks of wild geese. I have it on direct authority. Each car carries a hydrogen bullet blunderbuss. I have it from a personal friend of Gen. French."

A newcomer, who was blond, with gold eyeglasses, and the top of his right ear missing, entered the pharmacy. "Oh, I'm a neutral, a peace maker, a Swede, and a friend of England," he murmured. "And I say, stop the slaughter! Of course, it is beautiful, heroic and just like them, all those splendid quack Englishmen getting themselves killed for others. Do you know what Calais is? Calais is the French lightning rod. The Germans are bringing 1,000,000 reinforcements from the east. The French will shunt them on to Calais!"

"Do you know why the French did not pierce at Arras? They're all getting tired of it, poor, brave fellows! It makes my heart bleed, but it favors peace."



Talking war in an asphyxiating smoke cloud. Above—Telling of the X-cannon.

The cloak room of a broker's office near the Avenue de l'Opera is a kind of French-English-American afternoon club. Six non-combatants, in leather arm chairs, were making an asphyxiating smoke cloud.

"After the seance of the Academy of Sciences," one was saying, "the nine members in question went with the commission to the Minister of War. The X-cannon was adopted on the spot. Now you know the cause of our getting tired of it, poor, brave fellows! It makes my heart bleed, but it favors peace."

"I have it on best authority."

"We bombard the forts of Metz on October 17," said another authority, "and push into Germany from three sides on October 15. I have it from a personal friend of Castelnuovo. We enter Constantinople on September 15. If the Balkan League is renewed, events will march more rapidly. The vulgar public cannot be expected to grasp the interweaving wheels of strategy on three fronts."

A schnapps agent said: "I'm a Belgian myself, and my heart bleeds for those poor, dear Belgians and Rumanians if the Germans smash through them before our friends can force the Dardanelles. Between you and me, the Dardanelles are untakable. It's just slaughter for nothing! I have it on the best authority. We Belgians have suffered, and I have my moments of compassion, but we'll fight it out, fight it out, if we have to wade to our knees in blood! Now, what do you make of that X-cannon? I think it is a bluff, but you believe it, don't you?"

M. Durand, respectable corkwood broker, got himself rebuked in the movement against deleterious news. The idea is to follow up a statement to its source—and see whom you get. The incident was like this:

"They're holding up the mails to Switzerland again. Don't you know why? I have it from direct sources

Rumors Fly Thick in the French Capital and the Slightest Bit of Information Is Pounced Upon

that we are preparing a new drive in the north, to 'pierce'—or lose 120,000 men as at Clarenay? I tremble, I hear talk of new complications. Could we spare five army corps to guard the Pyrenees?"

A civilian doctor told the wife of a Captain who passed it to her janitress, who told an actress, whence it spread, one evening, to the foyer of the Theatre Francaise. Like this: "They're opening the mails to Switzerland. Don't you know why? It's to suppress the failure in the North, where we have lost 220,000 men, as at Clarenay. I tremble! Spain has seized the passes of the Pyrenees, and we have sent five army corps against them. How can we spare them? There will be a revolution!"

Tracing it backward, the civilian doctor had it from a blind boy, by way of a beautiful young hospital nurse, from a Rumanian sentleman, who expel the Rumanian. He had heard the story from a druggist, who got it from a patent medicine man, whence it was traced to a bottle firm and the corkwood broker.

"But it's not that at all!" protested Durand. "My business was suffering from irregular mails and transports. (Corkwood comes through Spain, and I sell much in Switzerland.) I consulted my adviser, who counseled patience till September 1, when we would make a drive and pierce the Germans."

"Who is that adviser?" they asked. He refused to answer; but they pressed him. "Monsieur de Thebes," he faltered. "She told me not to fear for my Spanish communications, because the Republicans are for France, and the Conservatives more likely to raise a revolution against themselves than five army corps against us!"